





## THE VERMONT DAIRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

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## The Poet's Corner.

## A SPIRITUAL SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROYALE.

If I him but have,  
If he be but mine,  
If my heart, hence to the grave,  
Never forgot his love divine—  
Knows nought of sadness,  
For I have but worship, love, and gladness.

If I him but have,  
Willing I depart;

Follow with my pilgrim staff—  
Follow him with honest heart;

Leave them, nothing saying,

On broad, bright, and crowded highways straying.

If I him but have,

Glad sacerd! I sink;

Of his heart the gift he gave

Shall to me be meat and drink;

All is leavened by its sweet indwelling.

If I him but have,

Mine soul I hale;

Lively, happy, gay;

Holding back, the virgin's veil;

While the vision thralls me,

Earth no more with carthiness appalls me.

Where he is but him,

Is my fath'land;

Ever glad to come

At herding in hand;

Brothers long deplored

In his discloses find rest.

*Sorrows the Monthly for January.*

## Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

## THE EMIGRANT'S STORY.

It was about twenty years ago that what was then called the far West, a region little known to dwellers in the East, timidly presented, and culminated in the most remarkable and interesting series of events—the overwhelming wilderness more vividly conspicuous. The inhabitants, most of them, dwelt in rough log huts, after strangers to all the comforts of society, and the clings of civilization. Not but that this kind of life had its charms. It was a life of ceaseless activity, requiring strong muscles and vigorous constitutions, while it was full of adventure. Little conflicts with the Indians in which victory was sometimes dearly bought, and now and then would occur an affray, which it to its own unspeakable alarm.

The story begins with a man, but there was one in whom who was more interested. For her sake, I had taught myself to read and write, and kept myself free from the surrounding ignorance and degradation. She had given me hope, and I had encouraged me to hope that I could become a man, and imitate with courage, and the spirit of the historian's patriot, or the poet, who had entreated me to call myself a poet, under the inspiration of her love. She was the centre of my being, life, love, my joy in living, and all my happiness.

For myself, I had loved her from childhood, and had no other object by which to live, than to have her return to me.

She had given me hope, but she had given me a lamb, and told me to keep it safe.

Mr. Hawkhurst, holding his pretty lamb, and looking at me with a very cordial fashion. But he never proposed to Mrs. Hawkhurst, and as she had never expected anything of the sort, nor had women evidently had it.

Mr. Hawkhurst looked around somewhat disengaged by the formality of the assembly.

"There's no hope for me," she thought despairingly, and was just about to turn away, with timid Juliet clinging to her hand, when Harry Averell advanced.

"Do you know who my uncle, ma'am?" he asked courteously.

"I called about the housekeeper's situation," said Mr. Averell, "and I found that there was still a room left for a maid."

"The fat and the tall, the German and the stout, and all the rest," said Mrs. Hawkhurst, with a smile, "but Harry has gained a wife."

And everything goes on at Avenel Place just precisely as it ought to do. Mr. Averell keeps his housekeeper, and Harry has gained a wife.

MYSTERIES OF THE FEMININE TOILET.

The other day, says a recent writer, I heard of an incident which shows that even men of society did not understand the mysteries of the female toilet.

The fat and the tall, the German and the stout, and all the rest, were fat women and tall, tall women, and short Scotch women and Germans, smiling, shiny women and trim, sharp-angled women, women who evidently hadn't.

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